


KITTENS AND CATS

A BOOK OF
TALES



BY
EULALIE OSGOOD
GROVER

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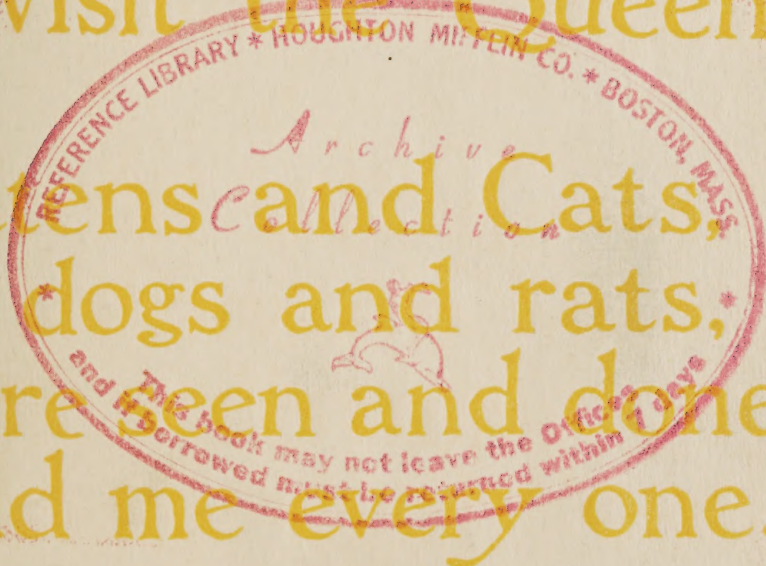
ONCE on a time
To a grand party
No prettier sight
As away they ran
Far in the land of
Where no one's afraid
Such marvelous things
And these they have

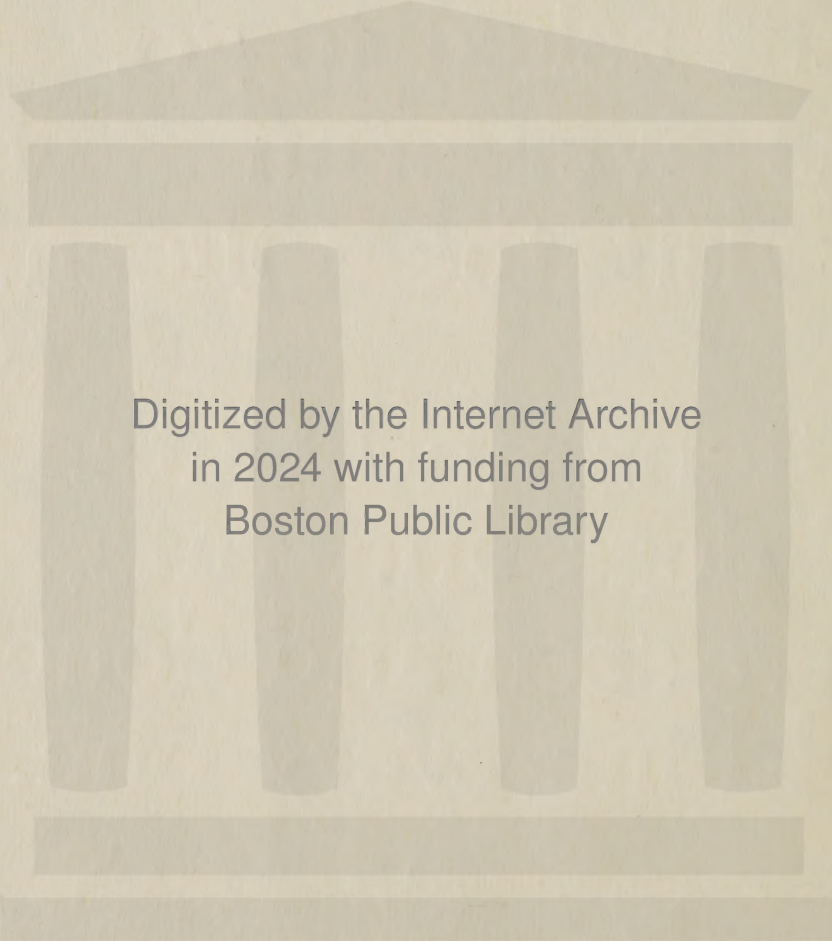


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some Kittens I know
were asked to go.
was ever seen
to visit the Queen.

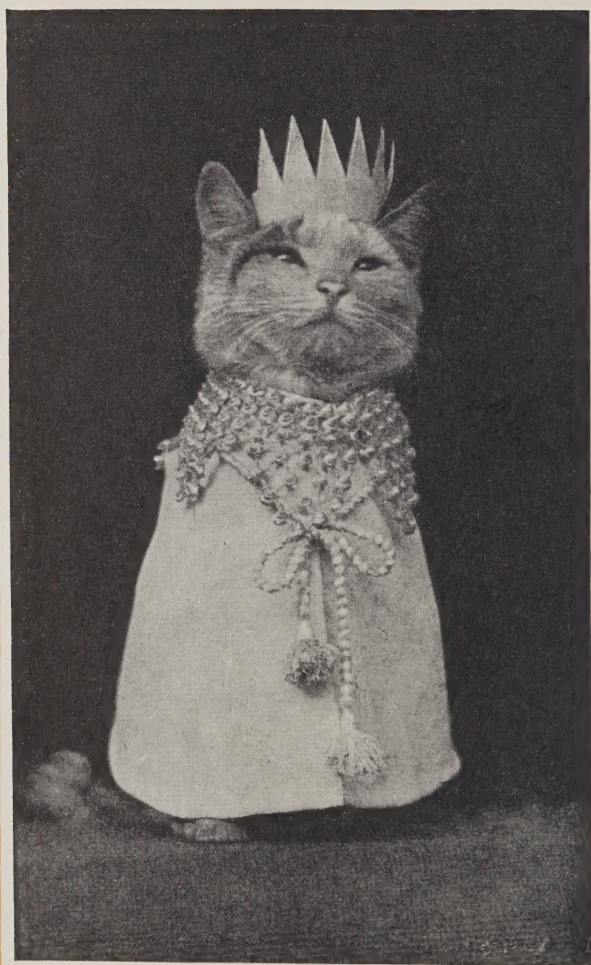
Kittens and Cats,
of dogs and rats,
were seen and done!
told me every one.





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KITTENS AND CATS



I AM THE QUEEN

KITTENS AND CATS

A Book of Tales

BY

EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER

AUTHOR OF 'THE SUNBONNET BABIES' BOOK,'
'THE OVERALL BOYS,' ETC.



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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Kindle
style
etc

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TO FRITZ
WHO LOVES KITTENS AND
CATS AS MUCH AS
YOU AND I DO

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KITTENS AND CATS

THE QUEEN

I am the Queen of all the Kittens.

I am the Queen ! the Queen !

Come, all you kittens and cats.

Hear what I have to say.

To-morrow I give a grand party.

The party will be in my palace.

You are all invited from the biggest to the littlest, from the oldest to the youngest, from the blackest to the whitest.

So wash your paws and shine your fur.

Forget your naughty tricks and do not one of you dare be late to your Queen's party.

To-morrow at one o'clock.



IT IS MY PARTY

GRANNY GRAY

I am Granny Gray.

I am very, very old, but I am going to the Queen's party.

I am grandmother to a great many kittens.

When any of them are naughty their mothers always send for me.

When any of them are sick I always know what to do.

I teach them how to sing.

I teach them how to scratch.

I teach them how to catch mice.

I am very, very old.

They call me Granny Gray.



I AM GRANNY GRAY

GETTING READY

Hark, hark! what is that noise?

No, I cannot play with you now.

I must take my bath.

I must get ready for the party.

I have a new jacket and a new hat to wear.

My pants were new last week, but they are not new now.

I tore two holes in them when I climbed the apple tree in the back yard.

Mother patched them, but somehow the patches show more than the holes did.

Perhaps my new jacket will cover the patches. I hope I shall look well dressed.



I WONDER

I wonder if those horrid patches
Upon my trousers white
Would show as much if they were not
As black as black as night ?

READY FOR THE PARTY

Mew ! mew ! mew ! mew !

Come, mother, come quickly !

We are all ready and waiting to start.

Yes, we are all here.

There are one, two, three, four of us.

The carriage is pretty small, but we think we can all get in.

We will be good this time and not push each other out.

But please do come quickly, mother.

It is hard to sit so still.

Mew ! mew ! mew ! mew !



A FULL CART

We are three little cats in a cart
And one underneath on the floor,
The cart is so full we hardly see how
There'll be any room for more.

TIME TO START

Dear me! my kittens are in such a hurry! They give me no time to dress.

It takes a very long time to shine my fur and to fix my bonnet.

It is a new bonnet. This is the first time I have worn it. I hope it looks all right.

I must practice sitting up straight and proper just for a minute. I want the Queen to know that I am a fine lady.

I hope my kittens will not rough up their fur. If they do I shall have to shine it all over again.

Now we must start.

Where is their father?



I HAVE A NEW BONNET

IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT

Here I am. Yes, I am the father of those four fine kittens.

They are such beautiful kittens their mother does not even tie ribbons around their necks.

I am glad of that, for I do not like ribbons.

I must go now and take them all to the Queen's palace. I am sure they will be the handsomest kittens there.

I suppose I shall have to push their carriage.

Come, mother, let us be off. Are my whiskers stiff? Is my hat on straight?



WAITING FOR THE CHILDREN

HIDING

Don't tell anybody where I am.

I am hiding away from mother.

She wants me to go to the Queen's party and I don't want to go.

I don't like the Queen, she is so grand and dignified.

She frightens me.

I would rather hide in this pitcher all day than go to the Queen's palace.

Please don't tell where I am.

You will not, will you?



DON'T TELL ANYBODY

AN INVITATION

I've had an invitation
To go to see the Queen,
But I'm a bashful kitten
And I'd rather not be seen.

NO PARTY FOR ME

How strange it is that some of us *want* to go to the party, and some *do not* want to go. Some of us *can* go, and some *cannot* go.

I am one who *wants* to go, and I am one who *cannot* go.

I have a sick head. It aches. Perhaps I caught too many mice last night.

The doctor has been here. He told me to take this medicine every half-hour.

How I wish I could go to the party!

They surely will have something good to eat there, but I must stay at home and take my medicine.



I HAVE A SICK HEAD

I'M OFF

I'm off for the Queen's palace.

I'm the only cat in our country who has an automobile.

But I suppose all the fine cats will be having them soon.

It is really great fun to ride faster than any cat or kitten can run.

I would invite you to ride too, but there is room for only one.

So, good-bye!

I'm off for the Queen's party.



IN MY AUTOMOBILE

BEING WEIGHED

Yes, I am being weighed.

It frightens me to hang in the air like this.

What if I should fall, with my feet tied up in this bag!

I am sure I should be killed!

Can you see how much I weigh?

Nearly two pounds?

You don't mean it!

Then I am big enough to go to the party all alone, though I am not sure that I want to go.

I think I had rather stay at home and play.



HOW MUCH DO I WEIGH ?

THE PARTY

Attention, kittens and cats! The clock strikes one. The Queen's party has begun.

I am the Commanding Officer of the palace. Attention to what I have to say!

Our Queen bids you welcome.

She waits for you in her throne room.

As you each pass in you must salute her and recite for her a cat tale, a rat tale, or some other tale, long or short, true or not.

But no fears or tears, for our Queen has a fine dinner in her grand dining-room for all brave kittens and cats.

Now who has the best tale?



THE COMMANDING OFFICER

I'm an officer of the Queen ;
I'm proud as proud can be,
For I've a feather in my cap,
As any one can see.

THE LATEST NEWS

We are here to bring great news, O
Queen!

We are here to bring great news!

Do you know —!

Do you know —!

Do you know a balloon

Has gone up to the moon!

The moon has been found

By a great, big balloon.

‘Up in a balloon, boys,

Sailing round the moon, boys.’

Just think of that!

Hurrah for the balloon!

Hurrah for the big moon!



WHAT IS IT

What's the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?

They say a balloon
Has gone up to the moon.

I'LL SING YOU A SONG

I am a famous singer among kittens and cats. I sing in the kitten choir and in big concerts.

I wear a French bonnet when I sing.

My voice is very soft and very sweet.

I have come here to-day to sing for my Queen.

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r!

I'll sing *you* a song.

Though not very long,

Yet I think it is as pretty as any.

Put your hand in your purse,

You'll never be worse,

And give the sweet singer a penny.



THE SWEET SINGER

A TALE OF A MOUSE

Listen, O Queen, to this tale of a mouse !

‘ Hickory, dickory, dock,

The mouse ran up the clock ;

The clock struck one,

And down he run,

Hickory, dickory, dock.’

And we gobbled him up.

So, dear Queen, no mouse shall trouble
your party while we two brave cats are
here.



WE ARE THE CATS

Oh! we are the cats that caught the
mouse.

That ran up the clock so fast.
The clock struck one, and down he run,
And we gobbled him up at last.

A NURSE'S TALE

I'm the nurse who takes care of kittens and cats when they are sick.

Sometimes they eat too much and have the stomach-ache.

Sometimes they fall down stairs and bump their heads.

Sometimes they get their tails bitten by bad dogs.

Then their mothers send for me and I take care of them until they are well.

I always wear a white dress and a white bonnet.

If you ever get sick just send for me and I will take care of you.



A LITTLE NURSE

A FAMOUS MOUSER

I am a famous mouser. I have caught more mice than any other cat.

I can see them afar off.

I can hear them afar off.

I can scent them afar off.

They are all afraid of me.

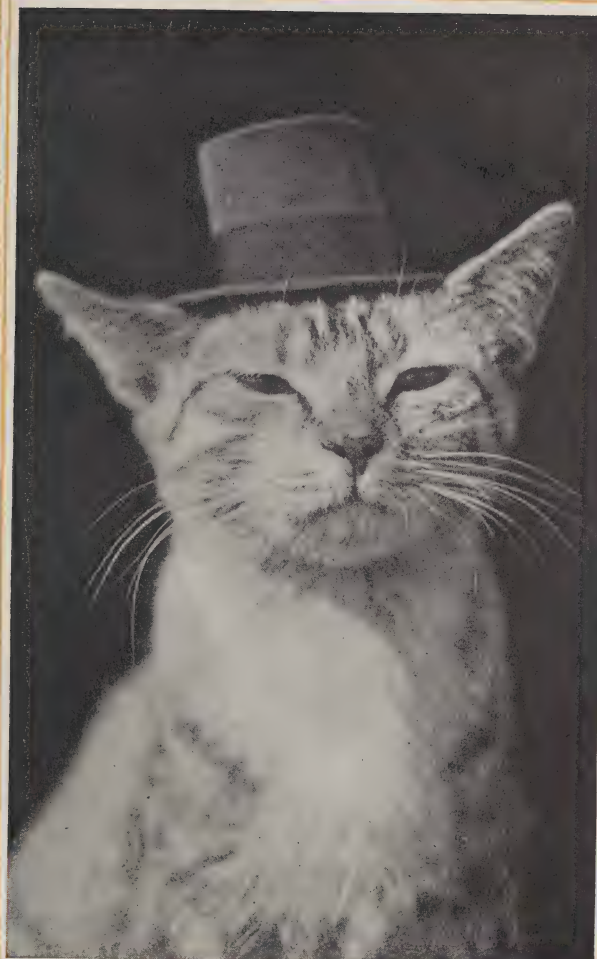
They scurry away whenever they see me coming.

I wear soft pads on the bottom of my feet so they cannot hear me.

I keep my teeth white and sharp.

My friends call me 'the Mouse Trap.'

But I know a Kitty who is not a good mouser. I will tell you about her.



‘THE MOUSE TRAP’

This is my story:—

A LONG TIME AGO

Once there was a little Kitty,
White as the snow;
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little Mousie.
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the Kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little Kitty,
All in a row;

And they bit the little Mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little Mousie,
Mousie cried, Oh!
But she got away from Kitty,
Long time ago.

No mouse ever slipped through my
paws like that, I am glad to say.
I am a great mouser.
Yes, I am a famous mouser, O Queen!

A DUNCE'S TALE

The other day in school I could n't do my sums.

I could n't tell how many two and two make.

I could n't read my lesson.

I could n't say my A B C's.

I could n't sing my song.

So the teacher made me stand on a stool. Then she put this cap on my head.

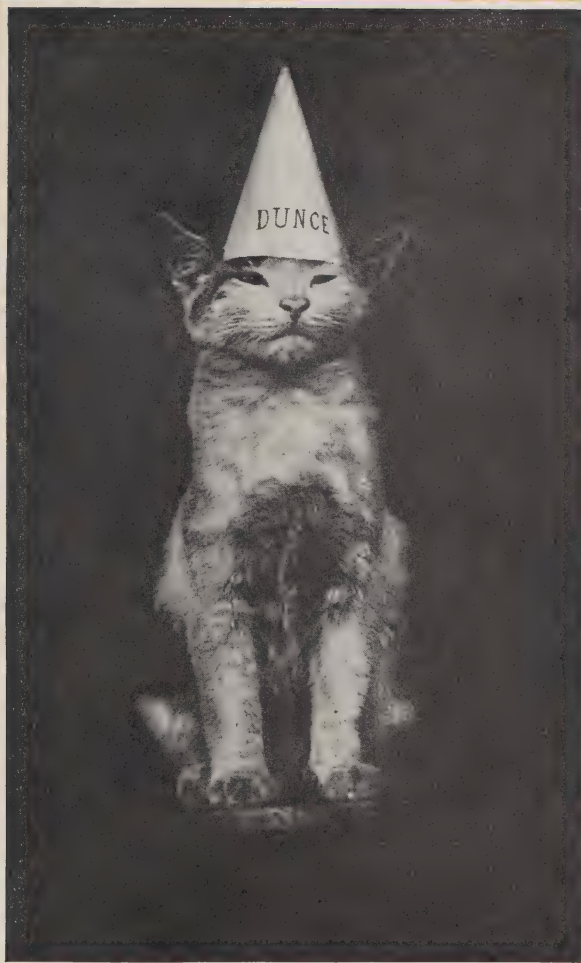
I have had to wear it ever since.

After this I am going to study hard.

I don't like to be called a dunce.

I don't like to sit on a stool.

Would you?



YES, I AM A DUNCE

A TALE OF THREE KITTENS

We will tell you a tale of ourselves, dear
Queen. A tale of three little kittens.
‘Three little Kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
“O mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens.”

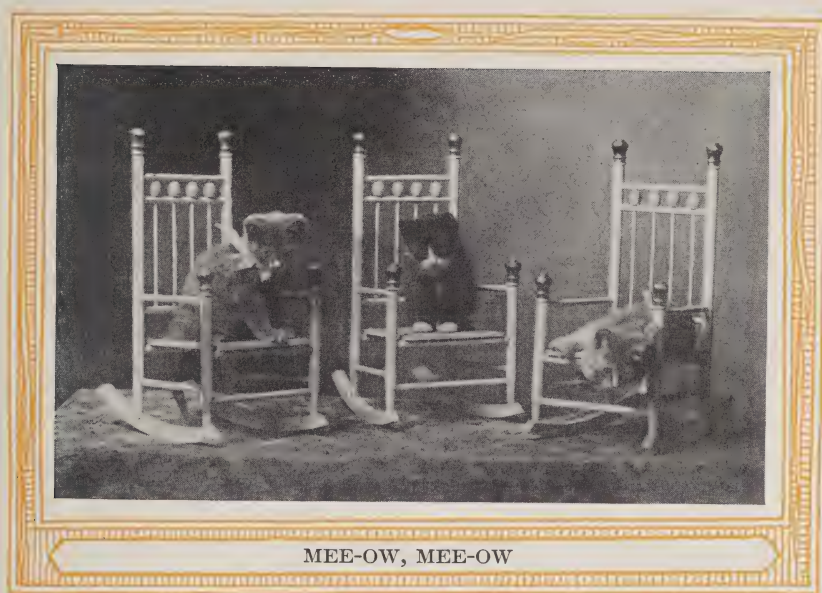
“Lost your mittens!
You naughty Kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.”
“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!”
“No, you shall have no pie.”
“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!”



THE KITTENS THAT LOST THEIR MITTENS

‘The three little Kittens found their
mittens,
And they began to cry,
“O mother dear,
See here, see here,
See! we have found our mittens.”

“Put on your mittens,
You silly Kittens,
And you may have some pie.”
“Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have the pie!
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.”’



THE KITTENS THREE

Did you ever see the kittens three
That lost their mittens so red?
They hopped in chairs and looked
about,
And ‘mee-ow’ and ‘mee-ow,’ they said.

A RAINY-DAY TALE

One day it rained and we could not go out of doors.

So my brothers and sisters and I played Hide and Seek in the attic.

All of a sudden one of my brothers said, 'I'll tell you what let's do!'

'What's that?' we all asked together.

'Let's dress up! It's lots of fun.'

So we ran to the closet where father and mother keep their Sunday clothes.

I put on father's trousers, and now I wear them every day.

My brothers and sisters laugh at me.

But I think I look fine, don't you!



HIS FATHER'S TROUSERS

A TALE OF LONDON TOWN

If you should say :—

‘Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
Where have you been?’

I should say :—

‘I’ve been to London
To look at the Queen.’

If you should say :—

‘Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
What did you there?’

Then I should say :—

‘I frightened a little mouse
From under her chair.’

And she gave me these fine clothes.



THE HERO

A TALE I KNOW

Hey! diddle, diddle,

The cat and the fiddle.

The cow jumped over the moon;

The little dog laughed

To see such sport,

While the dish ran after the spoon.

I *know*, for *I* was the cat with the fiddle.

I saw the cow jump over the moon.

I heard the little dog laugh.

I saw the dish run away with the spoon.

Poor spoon!

I saw the whole of the fun.

Hey! diddle, diddle,

The cat and the fiddle!



HEY! DIDDLE, DIDDLE

A TALE OF ST. IVES

Listen, O Queen! to my wonderful tale.

‘As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St.
Ives?’

I have thought and counted, and
counted and thought, but I cannot tell
how many were going to St. Ives.

Can you help me, wise Queen?



ON THE WAY TO ST. IVES

A LITTLE FAIRY'S TALE

I am called Little Fairy.

Would you know that I am *only* a kitten, dear Queen?

Even the mice do not know it, for they play with me and we have fine frolics together.

One day a little mouse told me just where to find his house.

If he had known that I was a real, live kitten, I am sure he never would have told me.

Would you like to know where the little mouse lives ? A friend was with me and she will tell you. Listen!



THEY CALL ME LITTLE FAIRY

A SECRET

Yes, listen to my wonderful secret!

I asked the mouse,

‘Where is your house?’

The mouse then said to me,

‘Tell not the cat

And I’ll tell thee.

Up stairs and down stairs,

Then straight ahead;

To the right, to the left,

Then bend down your head;

For there is my house

With the door so small,

That even a mouse

Can’t go in if he’s tall.’



I KNOW A SECRET

WHO WAS HE

I have a strange tale, O Queen.

The other day I found a round glass.

An old man was looking into the glass,
so I looked in, and guess what I saw.

I saw a cat looking straight at me.

His face was white just like mine.

His eyes had black spots in them just
like mine, and his whiskers were long
just like mine.

When I said ‘Mew!’ he said ‘Mew!’

When I moved my paw, he moved his
paw.

When I ran away, he ran away too, so
I never have found out who he was.



A STRANGER

I've met the cat that lives behind
The looking glass, you see.
He's very handsome, and he looks
For all the world like me.

A SAD TALE

Ding, dong, bell !

My pretty pussy is drowned, is drowned!

Ding, dong, bell !

Pussy 's in the well.

Who put her in ?

Little Tommy Lin.

Who pulled her out ?

Great Johnny Stout.

What a naughty boy was that,

To drown the poor, poor pussy-cat,

Who never did him any harm,

But killed the mice in his father's barn.

Ding, dong, bell !

I am sad, so sad, dear Queen!



MY PUSSY'S IN THE WELL

MY OWN TALE

Pussy-cat Mew jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great
hole.

Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no
more milk
Until her best petticoat's mended with
silk.

Mew! mew! mew!
I am Pussy-cat Mew.



PUSSY-CAT MEW

THREE TALES

I am the cat, that caught the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

I am the dog, that worried the cat,
That caught the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

I am the kitten all forlorn,
That scratched the dog,
That worried the cat,
That caught the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



A SIGHT TO SEE

The cat and the dog and the kitten
Were as brave as brave could be,
But when they came to visit the Queen,
Why, they were a sight to see!

A 'FRAID-CAT'S TALE

Once I was a 'fraid-cat, dear Queen.

All the kittens and cats laughed at
me and sang this song about me.

C was a cat who ran after a rat,

But her courage did fail

When he seized on her tail.

Now what do you think that cat did do?

She jumped in a chair and cried,

Mew! mew!

I was the cat who ran after the rat,

But my courage did fail

When he seized on my tail.

Mew! mew!



MY COURAGE DID FAIL

FROM THE NORTH POLE

I came from the land of the snow,
from the land of the Eskimo, where the
summer is all day and the winter is all
night.

We dress in fur coats up there.

It's cold, so cold one can hardly wink.

But I am proud of my land, for the
North Pole is there.

The dogs have seen it. They tell us
so.

And what the dogs say is true, you
know.



A LITTLE ESKIMO

THE TWINS

We are twin kittens.

There are two of us, and we look just alike.

Our brothers and sisters cannot tell us apart.

Even our mother cannot tell us apart.

When one of us says "Mew!" the other says "Mew!"

When one is hungry, the other is hungry.

When one is sleepy, the other is sleepy.

We are afraid, dear Queen, that we are beginning to be sleepy right now.

We have had such fun at your party!



DO WE LOOK ALIKE

We look alike and dress alike,

And act alike, they say,

And that is why we're called the Twins

By good old Granny Gray.

WHAT SHALL WE SING

We are twins too, and they say we
look alike.

We are so hungry just now we simply
cannot tell you a tale.

But we will sing you a song,—if we
can think of one.

Hey ding a ding, what shall we sing?

How many holes in a skimmer?

Four and twenty,—we're feeling quite
empty;

Dear Queen, give us some dinner.

Hey ding a ding, what shall we sing?

Dear Queen, give us some dinner.



WAITING

We've washed our paws and noses red;
We think we look quite neat;
We've donned our bibs, and now we beg
For something good to eat.

DING, DONG, BELL

Ding, dong, bell!

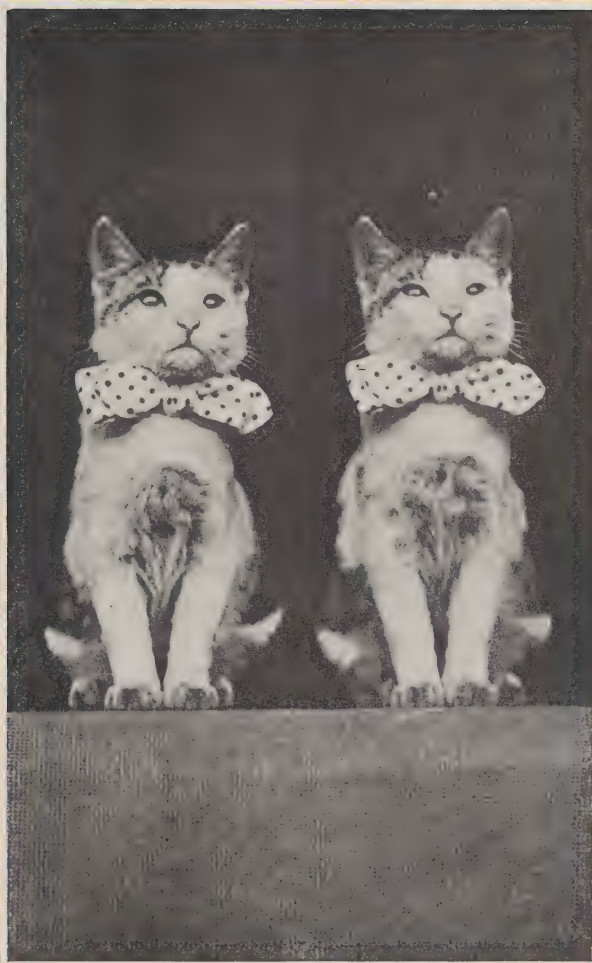
We have something to tell!

All you kittens and cats who have told
tales of rats, or of mice, or of cats, and
have made our Queen laugh, listen!

The Queen bids you come to the grand
dining-room. There a dinner she spreads
which may quite turn your heads.

Heed what we say and we'll show you
the way.

Ding, dong, bell!



DING, DONG, BELL

THE DINING-ROOM

Oh my! What a fine dining-room, and how many tables there are!

Each cat has a table all to himself. I wonder why.

There is the Queen sitting at the end of the room.

She is looking straight at me.

Oh dear! What if I should spill my milk on this white cloth!

What would the Queen say to me!

I am almost afraid to drink it.

It is so hard to drink out of china cups. But I must try.



THE QUEEN IS LOOKING STRAIGHT AT ME

I AM SO HUNGRY

I wish some one would hurry and bring me some milk.

Mine is all gone and so is my mouse.

I wonder if this is all we are going to have to eat.

I am so hungry I shall have to go home and catch a rat.

The Queen is asking some one to tell a story. I believe she means me.

Yes, dear Queen, I will tell you a story about seven little pussy-cats who were not so polite as we are. But first may I please have a little more milk to drink?

(My tale is coming.)



A HUNGRY CAT

THE QUEEN'S TEA-TABLE

The Queen has had the table set,
As fine as fine can be,
And now I wish she'd send some milk
For a hungry cat like me.

SEVEN LITTLE PUSSY-CATS

Seven little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,
Cried: ‘Mother, let us go. Oh, do! for
good we’ll surely be.

We’ll wear our bibs and hold our things
as you have shown us how:—

Spoons in right paws, cups in left,—
and make a pretty bow.

We’ll always say, “Yes, if you please,”
and “Only half of that.”’

‘Then go, my darling children,’ said the
happy Mother Cat.

The seven little pussy-cats went out that
night to tea.

Their heads were smooth and glossy, their
tails were swinging free ;

They held their things as they had
learned, and tried to be polite;

With snowy bibs beneath their chins
they were a pretty sight.

But, alas for manners beautiful, and coats
as soft as silk!

The moment that the little kits were
asked to take some milk,

They dropped their spoons, forgot to
bow, and — oh, what do you think?

They put their noses in the cups and all
began to drink!

Yes, every naughty little kit set up a
Mee-ow for more,

Then knocked the tea-cup over, and
scampered through the door.

MANY THANKS

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?

Many thanks to my Queen,

I will sing,

I will sing.

Do, do, what shall I do?

I will run away home,

And go to bed too,

And go to bed too.



GOOD NIGHT

Yes, I have put my jacket on,
And my Good Night have said,
And now I'm going home again,
And then straightway to bed.



SH-H-H

THE LAST TALE

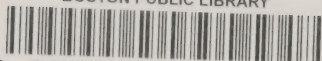
The book is done, the tales are told;
Don't wake me with your noise.
For I'm as tired, — as tired, I guess,
As many girls and boys.

The Riverside Press

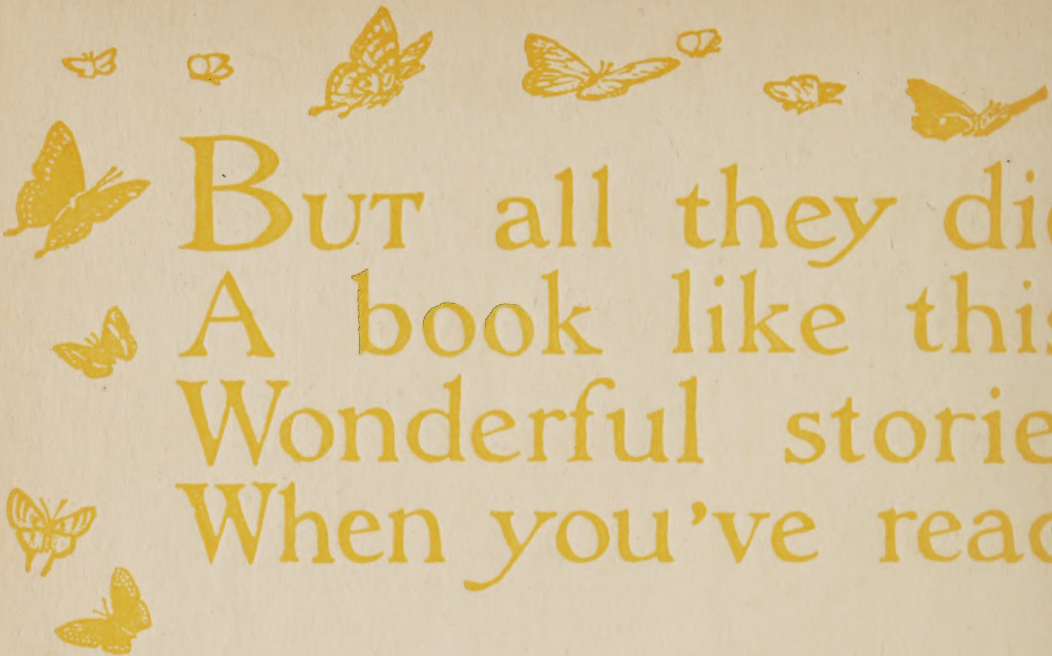
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS

U . S . A


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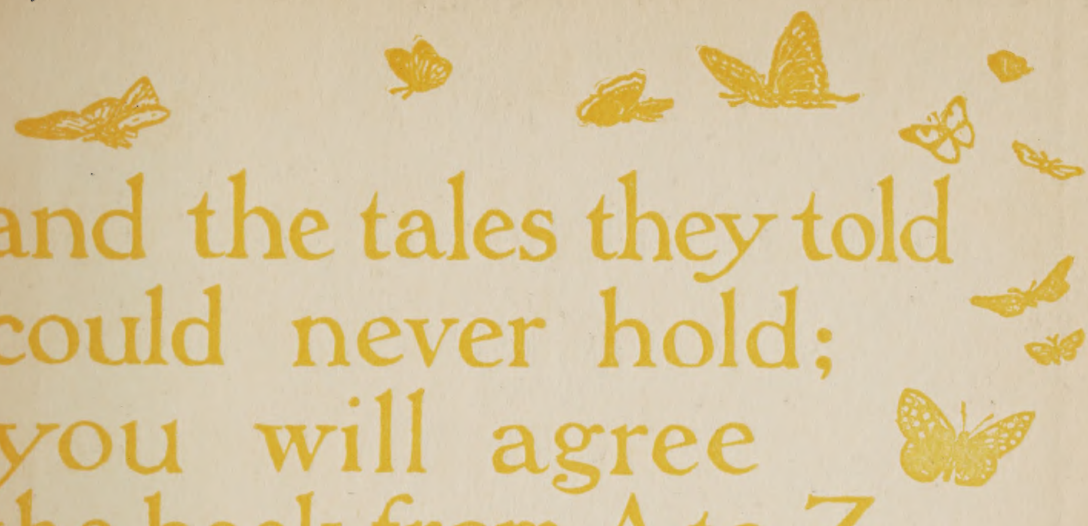
A series of small, stylized butterfly illustrations in a golden-yellow color, scattered across the top and left margins of the page.

BUT all they did
A book like this
Wonderful stories
When you've read

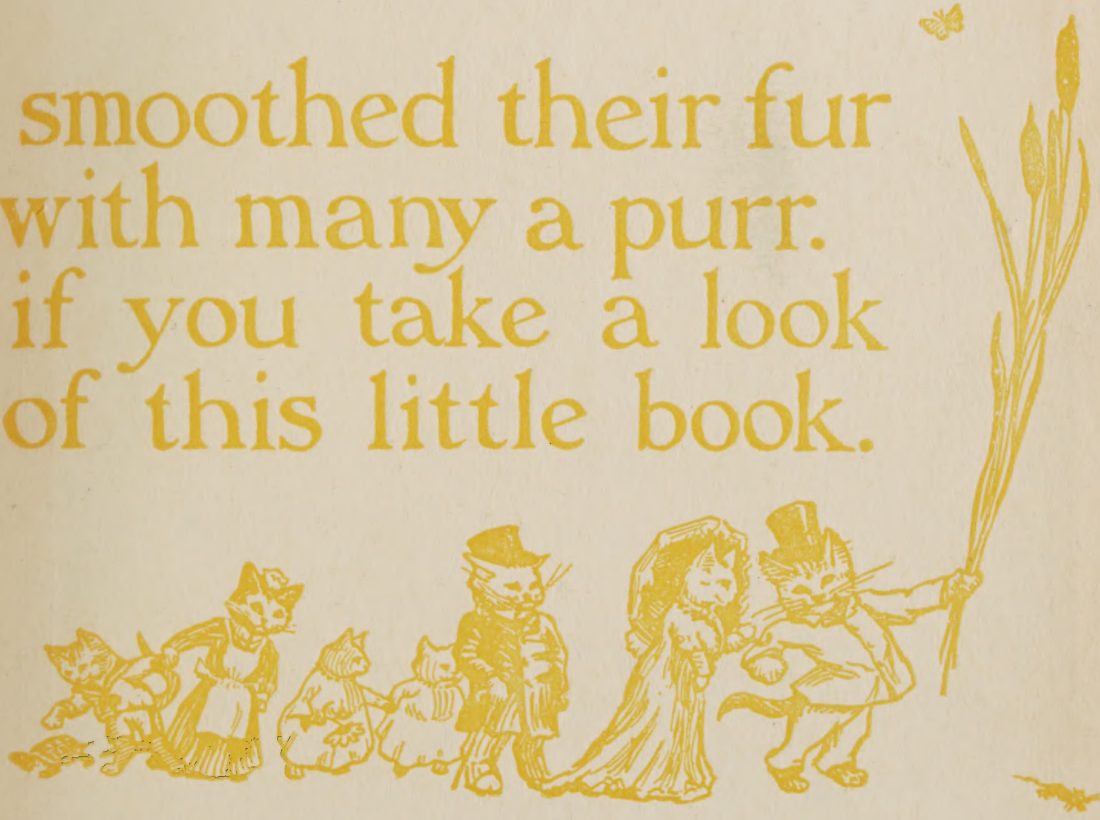
A decorative illustration of reeds or tall grasses, rendered in a golden-yellow color, positioned on the left side of the page.

After the party they
And sat for pictures
These you will see
Within the leaves



A collection of small, stylized butterfly illustrations scattered across the top and right side of the page, adding a whimsical touch to the text.

and the tales they told
could never hold;
you will agree
the book from A to Z

An illustration at the bottom of the page featuring a group of anthropomorphic cats dressed in formal human clothing, including top hats, suits, and dresses. One cat on the right holds a long, thin plant with seed pods. The illustration is rendered in a simple, line-art style.

smoothed their fur
with many a purr.
if you take a look
of this little book.

